

### It Quiets the Cough

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more—it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, and heals. Sold for 60 years.

*"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been a regular life preserver to me. It brought me through a severe attack of bronchitis, and I feel that I owe my life to its wonderful curative properties."*—WILLIAM H. TRUITT, Wawa, Pa.

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**Ayer's**  
SARSAPARILLA  
PILLS  
HAIR VIGOR.

Hasten recovery by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

### SWINE HUSBANDRY

Buttermilk, provided no water is added, is practically of the same value for feeding pigs as separator milk, writes a correspondent of American Cultivator. But it must be borne in mind that buttermilk from factories almost always has tacked with it a considerable amount of added water, sometimes as much as 50 per cent, and consequently by itself is not a suitable food for pigs. Many instances can be given of great mortality among pigs fed solely on buttermilk, practically from starvation, because they were not able to consume enough buttermilk plus water to derive sufficient nutriment to supply the demand of nature. But when the deficiency in solids is made up by adding meal, or even grass, roots or other fodder, pigs are found to thrive on the buttermilk.

**Weaning Pigs.**  
Since no use can be made of sows milk it seems unwise to be in a hurry about weaning pigs when the mother's milk supply is still good. The suckling pig is making its lowest cost growth.

**Care of Sows.**  
If pigs begin to show an out of condition appearance don't think of medicine the first thing. See if some mistake in feeding or care cannot be discovered, and if it is correct it—Farm, Stock and Home.

**The Brood Sows.**  
Give brood sows the freedom of the pasture fields when with young pigs, and as soon as the pigs are old enough to eat feed a little shelled corn and dry middlings with a mash of wheat middlings and milk. Sows with pigs should always have access to a good blue grass pasture and should not be fed too much corn. The largest part of the ration should be made up of oats and bran with a little oilmeal. Have plenty of charcoal and ashes constantly available. An occasional feed of salt will be found profitable. American Cultivator.

**Soaking Corn For Hogs.**  
Ordinarily we believe that it does not pay to soak corn for pigs. Unless it is very hard they will grind it themselves, and soak it with the saliva aids digestion. Professor Henry says that soaking corn is "about as useful as grinding it," which means that it is a question whether the gains outweigh the cost.—National Stockman.

### The Grip.

Before we can sympathize with others, we must have suffered ourselves. No one can realize the suffering attendant upon an attack of the grip, unless he has the actual experience. There is probably no disease that causes so much physical and mental agony, or which so successfully defies medical aid. All danger in the grip, however, may be averted by the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Among the thousands who have used this remedy, not one case has ever been reported that has resulted in pneumonia or that has not recovered. For more information, write to Woods & Orme, the leading drug store.

### ON AS "FIGHTING EDITOR"

When Man Training One to Take Care of Undesirable Visitors.

Frederic P. Wolfe, editor of a news paper at New Harmony, Ind., proposes to put a lion on guard in his office to the "fighting editor" in the event of any fighting having to be done, says New Harmony dispatch. The lion is from being tame, but Mr. Wolfe believes he can train it to be docile as long as he is concerned.

While a circus was at New Harmony a few days ago a cage containing the lion was blown over in a storm, and the animal was badly injured. The circus manager could not take it with him, and Mr. Wolfe bought it for a song.

He says he will expect it to "take care" of persons who come to the office object when the paper contains anything which they do not like.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought  
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## OUR NEW YORK WEEKLY LETTER

Just Arrived—An Englishman, With One Hundred and Fifty Suits, Sets the Fashions in Tie.

From a woman's standpoint there does not seem to be much whimsical extravagance in men's fashions, but when one reads of the recent arrival of a certain Englishman with 150 suits—well, what of extravagance then? And one of his fads—it is yet to be proved whether it will become a fashion—was what might be called a stock tie of black silk, allowing just a little bit of his collar to be seen. It brings to mind the aristocratic necks of our great-grandfathers, only with them there were no stiff high collars, but only the softest and finest of neckties.

The pastel shades still continue to be very popular in four-in-hands, and at all times of the day there are seen the softest pinks, hunters' green, heliotrope and pale lavender—indeed, so varied are the colors that any one is fashionable. Even the staidest old gentleman who seldom departs from his beloved black is seen day after day with a smart tie of hunters' green, which he half apologizes for wearing.

French four-in-hands are to be seen everywhere, either in two and a quarter or two and a half inch sizes. For afternoon or with semi dress, English squares and puff shapes in black, white and colored silks are worn by the best dressers.

But when it comes to indulging his really natural love of color, which on the street and in full or semi evening



THE LATEST IN BATHROBES FOR MEN ARE THOSE MADE OF SILK FINISHED TERRY CLOTH.

dress is given up to women, just make a tour some afternoon among the fashionable shops. There you will see the most elaborate bathrobes and lounging robes, all done up in stunning colors.

One handsome lounging robe, which looked as if it might be a garment of state—it was so heavy and rich—was made of beautiful Zennah silk, which, with other expensive qualities, is soft and thick. It was black and lined with the palest lavender taffeta, having a wide turn down collar and fastened at the neck and waist with lavender cords.

Several others almost as rich looking were of heavy broadcloth cut velvet in pale gray and deep crimson, looking warm and comfortable enough to make a tired business man long for his pipe, his easy chair and a magazine by the fire.

Another, and with luxury written in every fold of its ample girth, was a robe of fine black broadcloth lined with rich flannel, looking ever so warm and comfortable.

But the most serviceable was a bathrobe of mercerized white cheviot, with broad variegated stripes running to the deep hem. It was lined with terry cloth and had deep cuffs and a turn down collar of the same. This, with the heavy white cord at the waist, was ever so useful and could easily be washed.

During these last few weeks of such glorious weather that New York is almost surprised out of itself there has not been much use for fur overcoats and only a few are seen in the automobiles, and automobiling has become such a universal fashion that its devotees have fads and fancies which are very changeable.

Alaska dogskin and Russian calf coats, all heavily lined, are very popular for motoring. One of the oddest, yet most beautiful, things this week was seen one very rainy day. It was a gentleman's imported umbrella. The handle was of purest ivory wrought in a design which none but the patient little Jap would attempt. As with most oriental carvings, the figures were hideous, but done with such exquisite workmanship that it made the whole an almost invaluable gift.

bandeaus and high pointed wings making a chic and attractive ensemble. Such hats may be bent to fit any head or made becoming to almost all faces.

[Our readers may have any question concerning fashion or fabrics answered without charge by Rene Devereaux, the fashion expert, by addressing Rene Devereaux, P. O. Box 200, Madison Square, New York, enclosing stamp for reply.]

## Farmer Bunker and the Widow

(Original.)

"Zeke," said Farmer Bunker, "why don't y' make up to Mandy Sniffen? She's purty 'n' a new mowin' machine an' as good a gal as ever lived."

"If'n," replied the wary son, "wimmen's what y' say—just like a mowin' machine. They're purty enough till y' git 'em harnesssed up; then they cut down everything in their way."

Farmer Bunker since the death of Zeke's mother, a year before, had been casting longing eyes at the widow Sniffen, Mandy's mother. Knowing that his son had an objection to having any one put in his own mother's place, he felt if he could get Zeke to make a match with the daughter he might overcome the boy's scruples. But Zeke saw the trap and did not relish the advantage his falling into it would give his father. The old man, having failed with his bait, concluded to do a little courting and then propose. Zeke watched the maneuvers with anxiety.

One morning after one of the farmer's visits to the widow he awoke to see the widow's cow rummaging in his corn, some of which she had trampled underfoot. The old man fired up at once, but, remembering the situation between him and the widow, quietly drove the cow over a low place in the fence by which she had made her entrance to the shed where she belonged. He asked Zeke if he had carelessly left the fence lowered, and Zeke said that he had not. Then the farmer surmised that the cow had done it with her horns.

In a few days the cow was in the corn again. This time, after the farmer had driven her out, he went to the widow and suggested that she put a poke around the cow's neck. The widow declared that the cow didn't need a poke, that she was as good a cow as ever gave milk and that some one on the Bunker farm must have been careless about the fence. Bunker assured her that there was no one on his farm except himself and his son and neither of them had touched the fence. There was a flash of temper between the two, and the farmer went away insisting on a poke for the cow. Zeke heard him grumbling and said:

"Father, don't y' believe me when I say I ain't touched the fence?"

"Of course I do, Zeke."

"Well, if I didn't do it an' y' didn't do it, the cow must 'a' done it. The widder should get her a poke."

"That's what I told her, an' she 'tows the cow don't need a poke. She kind o' fired up when I mentioned it."

"What'd I tell y' about mowin' machines, father?"

The old man went off snorting.

Again the cow was found in the corn, and this time there was no change to be noticed in the fence. The balance of the farmer's corn was destroyed, and he went to the widow in a frame of mind by no means lovely.

"Mist Sniffen," he began in an unacceptable tone, "y'r cow has ruined \$50 worth of corn for me, an' I suppose—"

"Mr. Bunker, I want y' to understand that I ain't responsible for my cow gittin' into no farm that's not properly protected."

"My farm is properly protected," the farmer retorted.

At this moment Mandy appeared on the scene and took a hand in the proceedings, but not as might be expected.

"Mr. Bunker," she said, "I think y' are right. Our cow's a bad un'."

"Mandy," said her mother hotly, "y' go straight into the house."

Mandy obeyed, pouting, and, her interference having only added fuel to her mother's anger, the widow gave the farmer such a dressing as he had never had before. The old man went home, muttering, and as he passed his son, who had been leaning on the fence listening, he said, "Wimmin is mowin' machines, true 'nough, Zeke, all except the gal, an' she's an angel."

"Wouldn't trust any of 'em, father?"

"Y' kin trust her sartin. She ain't like her mother a bit. She tole the ole hag jist what she was."

About a week after this, when the feelings of the two old persons had had time to cool, Zeke, who was sleeping comfortably in bed, awoke and heard a sound without. He got up and, going to the window, saw by the light of the moon, which was full, Mandy let down the fence and drive her mother's cow into the inclosure.

Zeke jumped into his clothes, ran downstairs and caught the girl before she reached her home.

"Mandy," he said, "y'r keched. I sor y' drivin' the cow into our farm. What'd y' do it for?"

Mandy hung her head. Most girls look pretty in moonlight, and Mandy was a pretty girl at any time. She made a confession. Fearing that her mother would give her a stepfather, she had been putting the cow in among his corn for the purpose of making trouble. She had served a double purpose for herself and Zeke.

"What'd y' take sides with dad for?" he asked.

"Oh, I know mother. If I'd 'a' sided with her she'd 'a' turned in his favor an' made it up."

"Mandy," said Zeke, "y'r a remarkable smart gal. Y've broke it off between the two old uns, an' dad wants"—He hesitated.

"What's he want?"

"He wants me to marry y'."

Mandy turned half around, looked down and waited. Zeke went to her and put his arm around her waist, and they stood silent, with none but the round moon looking down on them.

One day Mandy and Zeke walked off to a parson and were married. Farmer Bunker's delight was in proportion to the widow's chagrin.

CORA ASHWORTH.

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Obituary.

James B. Bradley, a ruling Elder in Piney Fork church, passed to his reward Dec. 18, 1905, aged 39 years, 10 months and 18 days.

He professed faith in Christ at 26 years of age, and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian church in August, 1900; was elected Deacon in March, 1902; was elected and ordained Ruling Elder in October, 1902.

He was a devoted christian and he will be missed in the home, in his community as a citizen, and in the church.

While he was a great sufferer he never murmured, but assured his family that he was ready to go at any time. His hope grew brighter during his long, severe illness. A visit with him was a benediction and an inspiration and his faith in God.

He leaves a wife, father and mother, one brother and three sisters, to mourn their loss but his eternal gain.

His funeral was preached by his pastor, the writer, from Luke 20:36. May the great Comforter console the bereaved ones.

REV. J. R. KING.

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris is, that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Van-leer, Tenn. "I had a cough for fourteen years. Nothing helped me until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Coughs and colds, which gave instant relief and effected a permanent cure." Unequaled quick cure, for Throat and Lung Troubles. At Woods & Orme's drug store; price 50c and \$1.00 guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

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